

# Blood On Your Hands

Taylor Acorn

I've got the files  
And I've got the proof  
Got a chest and head full of wounds  
Only you, me, and God know the truth  
And we're on to you

'Cause what you left dead won't stay that way  
When you bury it down in a 6 inch grave  
Better cover your face, better change your name  
'Cause you fled the scene, but you're not getting away

You broke in uninvited  
Shoved that knife through my heart  
Then turned around  
And somehow, you threw down the victim card  
Thought you cleaned up the evidence  
Turns out you're not that slick  
'Cause you're walkin' around like an innocent man  
But you've got blood on your hands

You can try  
Try to rinse your sins down the sink  
But there's not enough bleach you can drink  
To wash your stains  
Your slate  
Yeah, I know everything  
Send it all down, baby, down that drain  
'Cause dirty runs deep in your DNA  
Better cover your face, better change your name  
'Cause you fled the scene, but you're not getting away

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I've got the files  
And I've got your number  
Yeah, I've got the files  
Oh, what a bummer  
Better run, motherfucker

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Shoved that knife through my heart  
Then turned around  
And somehow you threw down the victim card  
Thought you cleaned up the evidence  
Turns out you're not that slick  
'Cause you're walkin' around like an innocent man  
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